The Story of a Wise Fool

By HOMER FISK

BOHEMIA was in full session at Maffioli's. Everybody knows, of course, where Maffioli's is—Maffioli's, right around the corner in the little alley, where all the middle sort of actors and artists and musicians and that sort, go at unholy hours to restore tired nerves and fill empty stomachs, with the sparkling wit and the good viands set forth—the latter by Maffioli at a most scandalously reasonable price.

Well, this was well past the hour of midnight and the choice spirits present were just beginning to cut loose and enjoy themselves. Three tables had been dragged into the middle of the room and placed end to end. About this improvised banquet board were seated a score or more of the devotees of innermost Bohemia. The feast was over and the mugs of beer and clouds of cigarette smoke told that the "session" was on. Never were better stories told, never were songs better sung, never did laughter ring merrier.

There was but one solemn countenance at the board—and it was a veritable death's head at the feast. It was Benton, Russell Benton, who did juveniles so cleverly at the Bijou. And usually he was the gayest and most fun-loving of all Bohemia. Now he sat in his chair moody and sullen, drinking his beer savagely and responding not at all to the sallies of wit. Even the raillery of Tony Neiman, the original and slangy sporting editor of the Universe, whose brains, it was generally conceded, accorded with his 300 pounds and the dry wit of Archy Neville, the tall, thin, bearded artist, failed to arouse him. Finally, Mamie de Vere, the dashing little soubrette from the Academy, took the matter in hand. Perching on a chair and swinging her beer mug in her hand, she screamed:

"Look at Russ sitting there like a professional mourner at a funeral. I move, most potent, grave and reverend seignors, that he tell a good story, sing a good song or be fined the drinks."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the company.

Benton looked up and smiled grimly.

"Oh, go on," he growled. "It's all a fake anyhow. Booze and laugh and laugh and booze and then sleep it off and do it all over again to-morrow. I'm sick of the game. There's nothing in it."

"Why don't you quit it?" shouted little Veleni, the leader of the orchestra at the Grand, in his high treble.

"By heavens, I wish I could," returned Benton savagely. "I'll tell all you lobsters something. I wish I was back in the country, ramming about at the business end of a plow, dodgin' stumps and rocks—and that's no joke, either. Here we are—all of us thinkin' we're the wisest people on earth, makin' fools of ourselves before a lot of idiots for so much per and spending what we get giving ourselves paresis in this old tenth-rate joint. And when the season's over we haven't enough coin to get through the summer in a fourth floor, hall bedroom, without hawking next season's salary. Quit it! I'd quit it so quick it'd make your head swim if I hadn't cut my bridges behind me."

While he spoke a girl had entered the place, glanced about in a half frightened manner and shrank into an obscure seat at a corner table. She was fresh-faced and her attire bespoke the country. She seemed utterly out of place in Maffioli's. At the sound of Benton's voice she glanced toward him quickly and a startled look came into her eyes. The party in the middle of the room were so engrossed in Benton's strange words that they did not notice her at all.

"Oh, cut it," cried the de Vere from her perch on the chair. "No preaching at Maffioli's, hey boys? A song, a story or a drink and 'do it now.'"

"Wait a minute," spoke up George Preston Brooks, the long-haired poet in frayed trousers and the new and astounding Prince Albert, "Forsooth I have an idea. Russ evidently has a pastoral tale on his mind or conscience. I move he tell it. A little touch of the serious won't harm us at all."

"Good, good!" cried the crowd.

"By heavens, I will," said Benton, pushing the beer mug from him and rising.

The girl in the corner had ordered coffee and a sandwich, which she left untouched, being absorbed apparently in the scene before her.

"There was, once upon a time, a thick-headed young fool who lived up in the country," began Benton grimly. "His father had a good farm and the young fool grew up where there was air to breath and good stuff to eat and a soft bed to sleep on. He worked out in the open, ate like a hired man, slept like a baby and got up in the morning with a clear head and feeling like a fighting cock. Over yonder on the next farm but two, was a buxom, brown-eyed lass with cheeks like peaches and lips as red as roses. She milked the cows and churned the butter and washed the dishes and laughed and sang all day long. The fool used to go over to the other farm evenings to see the girl, and after awhile he took her to singing school or to meetin'. Once he took her to the county fair. He got to sayin' foolish things to her and she used to blush and look at the ground. Once he kissed her. That night after he went home he swore to himself he would marry her. You see he didn't know then that he was a fool. The symptoms came on later. One time his father sent him to the city and he went to a show and the glare of the footlights dazzled him so that he conceived the idiotic notion that an actor was the greatest man in the world and that an actor's life was one long dream of bliss. He went back home and began to read about actors and plays. Then some other idiot in the neighborhood got the amateur theatrical craze and the fool took part, and a lot of well-meaning, but addle-headed people told him that he did well and was cut out for an actor.

"Well, the fool got stage-struck and decided that the farm and fresh air and the good living and the good old father and mother and all the honest friends he had were not good enough for him and that he must go to the city and carve out a career. His mother was heartbroken and his father righteously angry at his decision. But of course the fool knew better than they. All fools know better than their mothers and fathers—especially cub-fools. So he went bravely away to the city, and by the sheer force of the physical vitality the country air and good living and decent hours had given him, he wormed himself into the perfesh and for ten years has been living in ill-smelling hotels and stuffy back rooms and eating everything from free lunch weinerwurst to the sort of rot this dago concocts in his rotten kitchen.

"The fool's father was a strong man and just, and when he died a few years ago he left his property to the fool's brother, who was a wise man and stayed with a good thing, and knew enough to come in when it rained. This proves that the fool's father knew his business. So now the fool is elected to eke out his miserable existence in company with other fools of both sexes in stuffy lodgings and on liverwurst and beer and other abominations, while his brother peacefully smokes his pipe in comfort and happiness and watches his boys and girls grow to manhood and womanhood in the green fields which will be their heritage—unless they inherit their uncle and become fools."

"And the girl," suggested the poet.

"O, yes; the girl," replied Benton. "That is the most pitiful of all. You see the girl really loved the fool and her love blinded her to his folly and she thought it was all right for him to go to the city and demonstrate the depths of his idiocy. And the fool loved the girl, too, in a fool way and when he left he took her in his arms and kissed her and swore eternal fidelity and promised her a future part in his future triumphs. A few letters passed and then the fool graduated from the supe class into a speaking part, met up against this sort of a bunch and the paint and the rouge and the pads and the abandon and the wit and all the rest of it, as exemplified in our charming de Vere, appeared to the fool as the real thing and he thought the little girl in the country too plain and simple—and he forgot to write for a long time. When he came out of his trance the shoe was on the other foot and he realized that he was not worthy to tie her shoe and that his life was not fit even to suggest to her. And so the fool is alone and will continue to paint his mug nightly, when the managers are good enough to let him, and make faces at the gaping crowds and to nurse the shylocks until some day when you, my dear friends, will have the proud privilege to chip in for a cheap coffin and a cheap preacher and a cheap grave somewhere."

"I HAVE WAITED ALL THESE YEARS. . . . I HAVE COME FOR YOU."

Benton sat down and plunged his face into the beer mug. Archie Neville said "dam" and the de Vere leaped again into the chair to try and dispel the atmosphere, when a sudden interruption occurred. The girl sitting in the corner had moved quietly to Benton's elbow. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Russell," she said softly, "You said you would come for me and I said I would wait. I have waited all these years and you have not come. So I have come for you. Father is dead and the farm is mine—ours. Come home. Oh, it has been so hard to find you."

Benton rose as one dazed and looked at the girl. Then without a glance at the party he put his arm about her and together they walked out of Maffioli's.

"Well, wouldn't that make you articulate!" exclaimed Tony Neiman, in a low voice to Brooks. But the poet was busy making notes.

Worry kills more people than work, because more people tackle it.

UNCONSCIOUS OF HEROISM

He Didn't Know Bullets When He Saw Them and Thereby Gained a Reputation.

Speaking of great civil war stories, Miss Ada Sweet, of Chicago, when in Denver recently, told the following:

Her father, Gen. Sweet, was taking his regiment into action. He sent forward a detail of men to make gaps in a rail fence to avoid the heavy loss sure to result if the whole body of men paused to tear it down.

The coolest and finest man in the detail was a young soldier who had never been under fire before. When he began pulling down the fence he disturbed a nest of hornets, and they sang fiercely about his ears. But

THEY OPENED THE FENCE.

the lad was not going to run from hornets when there was more serious business ahead.

Ignoring the angry insects he opened the fence and rejoined the regiment without being stung.

After a time he was appointed second lieutenant and called on Gen. Sweet to thank him.

"But," he said, modestly, "I don't think I deserve promotion over the others."

"My boy," replied the general, "I saw you pull down that fence. You were the coolest man under fire I ever saw!"

The man gasped, stared and turned pale.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, losing all caution and grammar. "Was them bullets?"

WHERE IS MARION RIVERS?

Here Is an Inquiry for the Last Man Pardoned by President Abraham Lincoln.

During the closing days of the civil war Marion Rivers was arrested, tried before court-martial and found guilty of being a spy within the union lines, and, by the court-martial he was sentenced to death, by being placed in a kneeling position on the lid of his coffin and 12 soldiers, with muskets, detailed to perform the execution, one of the 12 muskets not being loaded with a ball, the remaining 11 being so loaded that no one of the 12 would know with certainty who really were the executioners of the condemned man.

Thus doomed to soon pass into eternity by the stern hand of military justice, Marion Rivers was placed in the guardhouse to await the day of his execution.

The proceedings of the court-martial, giving the evidence adduced at the trial, with the verdict of the court, was forwarded to Washington for President Lincoln's signature. Upon receiving the testimony President Lincoln stated in his own handwriting over his own signature, that "the evidence being wholly circumstantial, and there being mitigating conditions connected with the prisoner's arrest and trial," he allowed the condemned man to go free.

This was near the closing days of the civil war. I have in my possession the written proceedings of the court-martial, and the pardon by President Lincoln. This must have been the very last, or very nearly the last, time President Lincoln signed his name to a document of this kind, and the document ought to have a sentimental value. If Marion Rivers still lives and would like to get the documents, I will mail them to him. While they are of no intrinsic value to me, as I nor any of my family ever refer to them, they grow more valuable as they grow older, and would be of much more value to Mr. Rivers than to any other person, as they will serve to perpetuate the recollection of the most trying event in the history of Mr. Rivers' life. Doubtless the proceedings of that court-martial made an indelible impression upon the tablets of Mr. Rivers' memory. Mr. Rivers, or any of his children, if he has any, can have the documents.—Marion Ardell, Corporal Company H, Twentieth Michigan, Emerado, N. D., in National Tribune.

Warning Not Needed.

Mistress (to pretty housemaid)—By the way, Mary, should my husband ever attempt to kiss you, just box his ears soundly.

Maid—Shure, ma'am, he's felt the weight of me hand twice already.—Minneapolis Times.

HAD A CHECKERED CAREER

After Absence of Forty Years Pennsylvania Veteran Returns to His Boyhood Home.

Old, gray-haired and decrepit, David Smith, after walking almost all the way from St. Louis to Bellefonte, Pa., arrived there the first time since he left the home of his birth to enlist in the civil war, nearly 40 years ago.

When are war broke out, David Smith wanted to be the first man to enlist from Center county, but was prevented from doing so, and the war was almost over before he was able to enlist. February 4, 1865, Smith enlisted in company F, Forty-sixth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, and during six months followed the flag, being mustered out of service on July 6. He then went west and enlisted in the regular army, serving three years.

Upon his discharge, Smith, with several companions, went to Texas. While in Dallas there was a riot, which the sheriff and a large number of deputies were endeavoring to quell. In the fight one of the deputies was killed. Smith was arrested, and upon circumstantial evidence was convicted. He received a life sentence, although he had not fired a shot, and was not even armed at the time.

Two months ago one of the gang involved in the riot that night died, and on his death-bed confessed that he was the man who had fired the fatal shot, and that Smith was entirely innocent. An investigation was made, the dying man's confession found to be correct, and the governor of Texas at once pardoned Smith, after he had served 21 years, 5 months and 20 days.

He was given what money was found on him when arrested, and journeyed to St. Louis. There Smith started to walk, and in this way made his way to his old home. He came there expecting to find his brothers and parents, but all the family had died years ago. Smith has applied for a pension.

TURNED AWAY FROM ENEMY

Queer Action of a Brave Sergeant When He Came Under Direct Fire the First Time.

A well-known veteran, who served as captain during the war, tells in the Chicago Inter Ocean of this queer experience at Kenesaw: "A sergeant in one of the left companies of the Fifty-second Ohio, as the regiment came under the direct fire of the enemy, turned pale as death and faced to the rear. As he made a few steps to the rear he came face to face with his commanding officer. The colonel caught the sergeant by the shoulder, and said: 'Face the other way, Joe.' At this the sergeant turned mechanically, led the charge on the enemy, rallied the wavering line, and seemed indifferent to danger. He was, in fact, the most conspicuously courageous man on the line.

"Years later the story of his facing to the rear was told to the sergeant, and he said in wonder that he had absolutely no recollection of the occurrence. He was not sensitive on the question, because he missed not a single fight in his three years' service, but he could not understand it. He had no recollection of being afraid, or facing to the rear, or of the colonel speaking to him. And

HE TURNED TO THE REAR.

yet he never thought of disputing the correctness of the story told by myself and others. I have often wondered where Joe's mind went in the moment of panic and have wondered if his condition when he faced to the rear was not similar to that of a man asleep.

"I have no doubt," said the doctor, "that the facing to the rear in this case was involuntary and purely mechanical. When the mind came into action it responded to the natural impulse of courage, and the man went forward with all his wits and soldierly instincts in full play. There was another case in the Fifty-second Ohio, which illustrated the race quality of presence of mind in the face of appalling danger. When the regiment was on the Sand Town road, in front of Atlanta, it came under the heaviest artillery fire in its experience.

"In the midst of the racket, a sputtering shell fell between companies B and G. Men on either side fell over each other in a wild scramble to get out of the way. But Sergt. Sam Grimshaw, quick to comprehend the situation, ran to the shell, picked it up, and threw it far to the rear before it exploded. His quick, resolute action probably saved half a dozen lives, and the government recognized the exceptional quality of the deed by awarding Grimshaw a medal."

A Good Promoter.

"Is he a clever financier?"

"Is he! Why, that's the man who organized our church fair!"—Puck.

WHITE-TAILED DEER

IT IS ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AMERICAN ANIMALS.

The Enforcement of Game Laws Is Causing a Growth in Its Numbers in the New England States.

It is evening, and as I sit here in my study on the border of the Blue mountain forest, I see through the open window five deer stealing out from the shadows of the trees, to feed on the dew-wet grass. They are in their thin red summer coats, which in a month or two will begin to give place to the longer and warmer winter garb of brownish gray. Daintily they step along on their slender, sinewy legs, stopping here and there to nibble a leaf or a bunch of grass, ever and anon raising their pretty heads to see that no danger threatens them. Their tails, which are rather long, are deeply fringed with white, and, when not swaying from side to side, hang straight down behind. Now and then one of then will stop to lick its flank or to scratch its head with its sharp, hind hoof. I step out on the porch, and instantly all five heads are raised, and all five noses are pointed straight at me. The large sensitive ears stand out to catch the slightest sound, and the big round eyes are "front." For one instant the wild things are "at attention," then one of them stamps his black hoof and snorts and then the five, wheeling as though at the word of command, are speeding away, through the long grass, over rocks and bushes, often leaping much higher than necessary, as though they loved the sport.

The white-tailed deer, otherwise known as the Virginia deer, because of its wide distribution, is one of the best known of American animals. According to Hornaday, it is found in at least some part of every state and territory save Delaware, Oregon, Nevada, California and Arizona. It was the first member of its family seen and hunted by the early settlers along the Atlantic coast, and Hornaday prophesies that it will be one of the last of the large-hoofed animals of North America to become extinct. In the first place, it is chiefly a dweller of the forest, often coming out into the open to feed, but seldom found far away from the friendly cover of the trees. Morover, it is a cautious animal, keeps a bright

THE VIRGINIA DEER.

lookout for enemies, and, when hiding in the forest, lowers its head and thus escapes notice. Owing to steady persecution for generations, the white-tailed deer was driven from most parts of New England, and it was feared that it would never come back, but during the last few years, owing to good game laws, properly enforced, these timid creatures have taken heart, and have come back to the woods which were known to their ancestors. And they will stay, and add to the beauty of the country and to the profit of its inhabitants, if the woods are but kept habitable by proper legislation.

In February or March, and occasionally as late as April, the male deer shed their antlers, which drop from the head without any flow of blood.

In about two weeks there may be seen, on the pedicle of each antler, a round lump, which looks a good deal like a brown tomato. This is the beginning of the new horn, but at the time it is soft and full of blood. Soon it becomes elongated, and grows with great rapidity, first assuming the form of a blunt club, from which the points afterwards branch off. Until they reach their full size, which they do in about four months, the antlers are soft and easily injured, and, being covered with minute hairs, are said to be "in the velvet."

The growing of these new antlers in so short a space of time, is of course a great drain upon the animal's vitality, and he entirely lacks the vigor for which he is famous at other times of the year. Having attained their full growth, the horns begin to harden, first shrinking and becoming sharp at the points and gradually becoming bonelike all over. The velvety covering then peels off, and the deer regains his wonted strength and spirit. And the horns of the white-tailed deer differ from those of any other species. After rising for a short distance from the forehead, they drop forward, and from the beam, which is almost horizontal, three long, sharp tines rise perpendicularly. The antlers of most other deer point backward as they rise.

In May the fawns are born, and beautiful little creatures they are—reddish brown, beautifully spotted with white. So carefully are they hidden by their mothers, that we seldom see them when they are very young, unless we accidentally come upon one where he lies in some shady nook.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

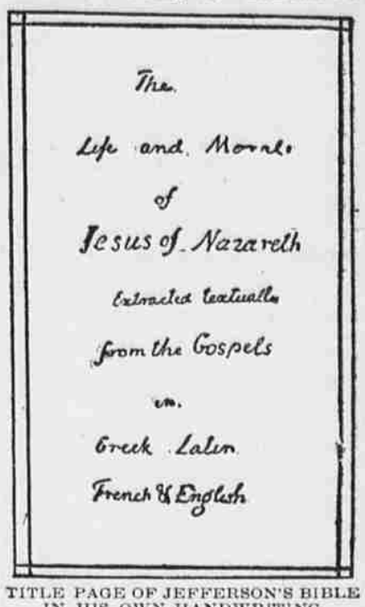
BIBLE OF JEFFERSON

IT IS BEING PRINTED BY UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

The Original Copy of "Morals of Jesus of Nazareth" Being Reproduced at Washington—Considered a Great Work.

Resolved, etc., that there be printed and bound, by photolithographic process, with an introduction of not to exceed 25 pages, to be prepared by Dr. Cyrus Adler, librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, for the use of congress, 9,000 copies of Thomas Jefferson's Morals of Jesus of Nazareth, as the same appeared in the National museum, 3,000 copies for the use of the senate and 6,000 copies for the use of the house.

Such is the resolution, passed at the last session of congress, which has set



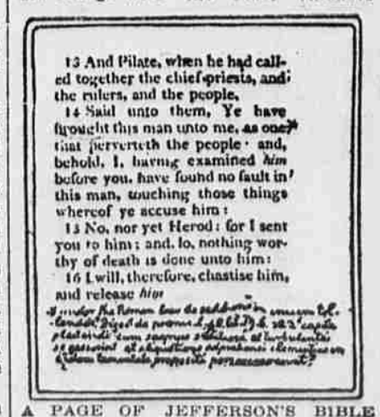
TITLE PAGE OF JEFFERSON'S BIBLE IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING.

the government printing presses at work on an edition of one of the most valued Bibles in this country. To-day there is but one volume of this valued little book in existence. Within a few weeks now there will be 9,000, and while the reprints will not be so valuable as the original, much of which is written in Jefferson's own handwriting, yet they will be highly prized by every one so fortunate as to receive a copy as it comes from the government presses.

The title of this little volume, written by Jefferson on a fly leaf is "Morals of Jesus of Nazareth." The book is a red leather bound volume and contains 164 pages. With great neatness Jefferson pasted upon its pages four versions of the New Testament—Greek, Latin, French and English—in parallel columns and in the order named. Its title page and index are in Jefferson's own hand, and on the pages containing the extracts are found here and there interlineations and notes. The index refers to the proper place of each passage in the ordinary Testament, so that the reader may compare if he desires. He cites the sections of the Roman law under which the Saviour was tried, and also attaches the map of Palestine.

The book is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, in charge of the librarian, Dr. Cyrus Adler, and is one of the most interesting bibliographical specimens in the museum. Its great value lies first of all in the fact that it contains the estimate of the Saviour by one of the philosophical thinkers in the early history of the United States, and, second, in the fact that there is only one copy in existence.

Thomas Jefferson's library was purchased by the government and is now included in the congressional library. It appears, however, that this volume did not go with the other valuable



13 And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests, and the rulers, and the people,
14 Said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man, touching those things whereof ye accuse him:
15 No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him:
16 I will, therefore, chastise him, and release him

A PAGE OF JEFFERSON'S BIBLE SHOWING HIS ONLY WRITTEN COMMENT.

books, but was afterward purchased for $400 by Miss Randolph.

In Jefferson's compilation of the Gospels he omitted everything of a miraculous nature and confined his clippings to the teachings of Jesus. He clipped from all the Gospels, using the verses which make the clearest statement where the texts are practically the same.

In the concluding verse of the work he takes John, xix., 42, and Matthew, xxvii., 60, and combines them, clipping out all but the plain statement of the burial. The result is as follows:

"John xix., 42: There laid they Jesus * * *

"Matthew, xxvii., 60: * * * and * * * rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed."

Thus he followed out to the end his general plan and omitted all that could not be explained to the satisfaction of a practical lawyer, leaving Christ buried forever and giving no evidence of belief in the resurrection